To the WORSHIPFUL

JAMES MILLER, Esq. MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, from the 21st of *December* 1790, to the 21st of *December* 1791; including Persons (in Number 12) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish, 7; the Meeting in *College-Lane*, 12; the Meeting on the Green, 1; at the Chapel in *King's-Head Lane*, 2; and the Quakers' Burying-Ground, 2.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Abortive and Stilborn	5	Chincough -	3	Dropsy - -	6	Gravel -	3
Abscess - -	1	Consumptions -	24	Drowned -	1	Inflammations -	5
Aged - -	10	Convulsion -	1	Fevers - -	11	Insanity -	1
Child-Bed -	1	Croop - -	2	Fits - -	11	Mortification -	6

Suddenly -	3
Teeth - -	2

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	24	Ten and Twenty -	5	Forty and Fifty -	14	Seventy and Eighty -	11
Between Two and Five	3	Twenty and Thirty -	10	Fifty and Sixty -	5	Eighty and Ninety -	2
Five and Ten -	2	Thirty and Forty -	6	Sixty and Seventy -	9	Ninety and an Hundred	0

The Ages and Diseases of the other Parishes, not included.

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	45	39	84	44	47	91
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	18	13	31	8	18	26
St. GILES'S. - -	14	18	32	15	19	34
St. PETER'S. - -	2	5	7	4	3	7
In the whole Town.	79	75	154	71	87	158
Births among the Dissenters, not included.	Decreased - -		14	Increased - -		1

☞ The following Lines, wrote by a Gentleman of this Town, were inserted in our Bill of Mortality many Years ago: we hope our Readers will not object to their second Appearance for the present Year.

It is appointed unto Men once to die. Heb. chap. ix. part of ver. 27.

Once more, this sad Memento strikes the Eye,
Smites the gay Heart, excites the tender Sigh;
Calls forth afresh the sympathizing Tear,
And bids us mourn again th' expiring Year.
Let the gay Youth review this solemn Page,
And see Death certain here at every Age:
Not all the Charms which Beauty can display
Stop the stern Tyrant for a single Day;
Not all the Fondness which a Mother knows,
Nor all the Sweet Solicitude she shews,
Can her lost Offspring for a Moment save,
Or snatch that Parent from the greedy Grave.
In vain we sit and plan for future Years
And talk of distant Joys, and Hopes, and Fears:
Ah! what avail Life's most delightful Schemes!
One Moment shews them idle, empty Dreams:
Some sad Occurrence — Some beloved Friends
Sink to the Grave, and all th' Inchantment ends.
Witness ye Mourners of the present Year,
Who still lament that once yet held so dear.
With what keen Pangs we pay the last Embrace!
How loth to quit the Cold the Lifeless Face!
'Tis then we see, in Truth's unerring Glass,
How vain is Life, how swift our Minutes pass!
With streaming Eyes we view the silent Tomb;
And deeply feel that Death's our certain Doom.
Old Age, and heedless Youth, and Beauty's Charms
Shrink at the Thought and feel the dread Alarm;
Frail Nature sinks beneath the awful Sound
And every Joy seems sickening all around:
No mortal Friend the drooping Mind can cheer;
No human Power protect that Mind from Fear.
Religion, come, with Every divine!
To calm the troubled Heart is only thine:
Teach us what Joy serene from Virtue flows,
And the true Peace which Innocence bestows;
Teach us that Vice, alike in every Shape,
Disgraces Youth, and shames decrepid Age;
That Goodness paints the beauteous Face more fair,
And stamps true Reverence on the hoary Hair.
Rise, then, my Soul, to nobler Prospects rise!
Let Hope, sweet Hope! transport us to the Skies!
There shall we meet again each valued Friend;
And all our Doubts and all our Fears shall end:
Each Pain shall vanish, every Sorrow fly,
For Heaven's high Hand shall wipe each weeping Eye.

J. C.

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